

DEBRIS

Pilot

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. NYC CAB [MOVING] - DAY

The RADIO is playing. A PASSENGER, A MAN, 30s, is in the back seat, watching the city. He seems serious. ALERT.

CABBIE (O.S.)
I'm gonna take East 50th. Cool?

Alert looks up to the CABBIE.

ALERT
Fine with me.

INT. HOTEL, LOBBY - DAY

POV THROUGH large, modern front windows. ALERT pays the cab at the curb. He collects his suitcase, entering the lobby.

INT. HOTEL, HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A KNOCK at the door. Alert checks the peep hole. Opens it, revealing TWO SEEDY BRITS, also 30s.

The one in charge, a David Thewlis-type with tatted hands, calmly grins at him. He gives a small, gentle, five-inch wave that somehow feels unsettling.

ALERT
(unfazed)
You're early.

Alert walks to the bed as the men enter. The second SEEDY BRIT carries TWO LARGER SUITCASES. He sets them down on the floor, opening them, revealing STACKS OF WELL-WORN CASH. There might be two million dollars here.

In turn, Alert pulls from his own suitcase a rolled up WHITE PLASTIC GROCERY BAG.

He reaches in, removing a small case, about the size of a deck of cards. Seedy Brit opens it, looking at the contents for a beat or two, engrossed. We cannot see what's inside.

SEEDY BRIT #2
We happy?

SEEDY BRIT
... Chuffed.

Alert holds up his plastic bag.

(CONTINUED)

ALERT
I got one more.

Beat. Seedy Brit looks to the bag, then to his compatriot, then back to Alert.

SEEDY BRIT
You didn't tell us.

ALERT
Just got my hands on this one.

Alert goes to the suitcases of cash, starts counting.

ALERT (CONT'D)
Found on some roof on a farm in Wisconsin. Sometimes you get lucky.

SEEDY BRIT
We'll take that one too.

ALERT
(nods to the cash)
And when you bring more of this, it's yours. You let me know when.

EXT. HOTEL, STREET - SAME TIME

A THIRD SEEDY MAN, this one EASTERN EUROPEAN, sits on a bench, shelling peanuts. PIGEONS flutter around his feet as he tosses them a few.

EASTERN EUROPEAN
(entertained, subtitled)
[Don't kill each other. There's enough for everybody.]

His easy-going expression suddenly changes as he SEES... A BLACK SEDAN pull up and idles not far from the HOTEL.

Getting a bad feeling, he grabs a panicked glance down the street. A SECOND SEDAN takes position there now.

A HELICOPTER passes overhead. The birds spook and flutter as he abruptly stands, CONCERNED. He begins to walk down the street, using a walkie talkie as he looks back --

EASTERN EUROPEAN (CONT'D)
Leave.

INT. HOTEL, HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A WALKIE in SEEDY BRIT'S coat BLEATS from the transmission.

(CONTINUED)

EASTERN EUROPEAN (FILTERED)

... Leave now.

Seedy Brit goes to the window SEEING THE HELICOPTER banking in the distance as it turns around.

SEEDY BRIT

(eerily calm to Alert)

Run.

The Brits take off. CLOSE ON THE MONEY as Alert grabs stacks, stuffing what he can into the pockets of his jacket --

EXT. HOTEL, STREET - DAY

The BLACK SEDANS swerve in front of the hotel. FEDERAL AGENTS pour out. Among them, two that really count:

He is BRYAN BENEVENTI. Early 30s. Ballsy, headstrong. A golden boy type of guy that shit never seems to fall on. Right now, he's FOCUSED.

She is FINOLA JONES. Also early 30s, biracial, from London, English national. Bright and real. A classic rule-follower with a deceiving innocence. You can think of her as a British Tessa Thompson. We TRACK WITH THEM as they head into the --

INT. HOTEL, LOBBY, FRONT DESK - DAY

Bryan and Finola approach, badging the FRONT DESK CLERK. Finola shows her A PHOTO of ALERT on her iPad.

FINOLA

Did this man check in this morning?

A SECOND CLERK comes over.

FRONT DESK CLERK #2

I checked him in a half hour ago.

INT. HOTEL, STAIRWELL - DAY

The Seedy Brits CHARGE DOWN THE STAIRS a flight at a time.

INT. HOTEL, STAIRWELL, HIGHER UP - SAME TIME

Alert enters the stairwell now, starting down. HEARS the echoes from the Seedy Brits ahead of him, descending below.

He stumbles, falls. Picks himself up, heart pounding. He's FUCKED and about to be caught, he hastily folds up his white plastic grocery bag, stashing it behind a fire hose cabinet --

INT. HOTEL, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Bryan, Finola, move with purpose with a few Agents. A HOTEL MANAGER, 40, approaches with a hotel SECURITY GUARD.

FINOLA
Stairwells?

HOTEL MANAGER
(pointing)
Two. North and South.

BRYAN
(to the agents)
Go.

INT. HOTEL, 2ND FLOOR MEZZANINE, RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

The Brits blast out the stairwell door. TRACK WITH THEM as they head into the restaurant, ignoring the HOSTESS.

HOSTESS
(calling after them)
Excuse me ... Gentlemen?

AT THE STAIRWELL DOOR -- Alert comes out now, SEEING the Hostess going after the Brits --

INT. HOTEL, RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

The Brits continue through, head out the PATIO DOORS -- WITH ALERT. FURTHER BACK, trying to catch up.

EXT. HOTEL, RESTAURANT PATIO TERRACE - SAME TIME

... ALERT comes out. The PATIO is not in use, there are no diners. And somehow, impossibly, THE BRITS are GONE.

The CHOPPER PASSES OVERHEAD. Alert looks up, panicking. Bolts towards the back wall of the patio, and in one fluid motion -- steps on a chair, then steps up onto the table, and then hikes himself up onto the CONCRETE TERRACE.

He looks down -- he's one story up. The STREET AND PARKED CARS BELOW. Freedom.

INT. HOTEL, LOBBY, ELEVATORS - CONTINUOUS

DING. An ELEVATOR arrives. Bryan, Finola, and the agents are about to board. Bryan instructs the Manager --

BRYAN
No one else up or down.

(CONTINUED)

SUDDENLY, BEHIND THEM, THROUGH THE MASSIVE GLASS WINDOWS, we SEE ALERT LAND ON A PARKED CAR'S ROOF, SLAMMING HARD on his ass!!! ... BANG!!! WINDOWS SHATTER! The ALARM goes off. Bryan and Finola react, REALIZING it's ALERT.

FINOLA
 (into walkie as she runs)
 He's on the north side of the
 building, street level.

EXT. HOTEL, SIDE OF THE BUILDING - SAME TIME

Alert jumps down off the car's roof, only to see THROUGH THE GLASS WINDOW OF THE HOTEL that he has the WORST fucking timing in the world.

Bryan and Finola run toward the glass doors... towards HIM!
 Alert takes off --

EXT. MANHATTAN INTERSECTION - DAY

HONKING CARS. ALERT runs, zigzagging traffic and we're MOVING FAST, INTERCUTTING between Bryan, Finola and Alert. The SOUND of a SUBWAY ARRIVING emanates from the SUBWAY STATION STAIRS ahead of Alert. He darts down, weaving through commuters --

INT. SUBWAY STATION, ENTRANCE KIOSK - DAY

-- HOPPING the turnstile, Alert looks back, taking out a gun: FIRES ROUNDS into the ceiling, sending the CROWDS into PANIC.

FURTHER BACK WITH BRYAN and FINOLA, pushing through FLEEING COMMUTERS -- Bryan fights through -- heads after ALERT down to the PLATFORM.

WITH FINOLA. Also breaking free of the THRONG, coming face to face with -- A very freaked out TRANSIT COP, weapon drawn --

TRANSIT COP
 PUT IT DOWN! PUT IT DOWN, I'LL BLOW
 YOU AWAY!

FINOLA
 Federal agent. You don't understand
 what we're dealing with here.

He's not sure -- Finola shows her badge around her neck.

FINOLA (CONT'D)
 It's a matter of national security.

Something in her eyes tells him she's telling the truth --

INT. SUBWAY STATION, PLATFORM - DAY

The subway's DOORS CLOSE. Alert arrives as the subway gathers speed, leaving the station.

ALERT

No... No!

Alert continues down the platform towards the dark tunnel. Looks back as BRYAN APPEARS --

-- ALERT FIRES at him. BRYAN UNLOADS too -- Alert scrambles off the platform, onto the tracks, crossing electric rails, hopping the subway median, heading toward the DARK TUNNEL of the next track over.

Finola arrives, SEEING this. She slows... Alert's actions cause her to realize something --

FINOLA

(screaming after Bryan)

He doesn't have them! He would have used them!

And if we're wondering what *that* means, we should be. Bryan enters THE TUNNEL after ALERT. Finola turns, running back from where she came. CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL, STAIRWELL - SAME TIME

We pick up A MAID in the very same stairwell Alert fled through, wrapping up a conversation on her cell phone.

MAID

Okay. Bye. Bye... I love you.

She ends the call, about to step back into the hallway -- but notices ALERT'S PLASTIC BAG stuffed behind the fire hose box. Thinking it's garbage, she takes it --

INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - SAME TIME

-- Returning to her cart, the Maid looks INSIDE THE BAG. There is another smaller BLACK CLOTH BAG -- she feels with her fingers that there is SOMETHING inside the black bag.

Turning the bag upside down over her cart, whatever is INSIDE falls out... but seems to SOMEHOW PASS THROUGH her trash can landing on the floor. Weird. Perplexed, she moves the cart, getting a look at what fell -- A THIN, SLIGHTLY BENT, DORITO-SIZED PIECE of what looks like SCORCHED METAL.

The Maid bends down to look at it, intrigued, reaching out to pick it up... and just as she touches it, we suddenly CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL, LARGE BALLROOM - SAME TIME

The Maid SLAMS TO THE BALLROOM FLOOR with a sickening THUD. It's as if she fell THROUGH the ceiling from five stories up, with no damage to the ceiling at all! TWO HOTEL STAFFERS setting up tables turn, WIDE-EYED, freaked out. HOLY SHIT! Where the HELL did she come from? They rush to her, but she's clearly dead. WTF?! CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

A SUBWAY RIPS PAST US in the dark. THE NOISE IS THUNDEROUS. It's terrifying.

ON BRYAN. Traveling the tunnel ledge after Alert -- the SUBWAY JUST A FOOT FROM HIM! As he continues, he SPOTS ALERT'S GUN lying on the ledge.

Bryan holds up his cellphone light to better see what's ahead. No SIGN OF HIM --

THE SUBWAY FINALLY PASSES, rendering the tunnel much darker and eerily quiet. Bryan steps further... SEEING MORE BLOOD on the ledge. He must have struck Alert with one of his rounds. But, another few steps reveal something else... Bryan's LIGHT finds ALERT'S severed arm on the tracks! BLOOD IS EVERYWHERE.

The flashlight beam now discovers the rest of ALERT'S TORN APART BODY. ON BRYAN. Realizing ALERT was violently sucked under the subway. All that running for nothing. CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL, LARGE BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

FEDERAL AGENTS take control of the scene, dealing with the aftermath. Finola arrives at the doors, stepping through agents blocking entry.

The shaken hotel staff talk to other AGENTS. AS FINOLA APPROACHES THE MAID, one of the agents we saw earlier, MCGUIRE, comes up.

AGENT MCGUIRE

(re: workers)

They heard a crash, and when they turned around they saw her.

Instinctively, Finola looks up... scanning the ceiling.

FINOLA

Did you find the piece?

The Agent points out the tiny scrap of mysterious metal that The Maid found, now innocently EMBEDDED INTO THE FLOOR ABOUT THREE INCHES DEEP.

(CONTINUED)

FINOLA (CONT'D)
How far out is the situation team?

AGENT MCGUIRE
Pulling up.

EXT. HOTEL, STREET - SAME TIME

A serious-looking GOVERNMENT UTILITY TRUCK surges in. THREE SITUATION TEAM AGENTS get out, start suiting up in HAZMATS--

INT. HOTEL, LARGE BALLROOM - DAY

-- TRACKING WITH the HAZMATS and their tools, heading towards Finola and the piece of metal in the floor. They set up privacy screens and begin to work inside of them.

SITUATION TEAM AGENT
(to Finola)
That the only one?

FINOLA
So far. We're combing the hotel for any more.

QUICK SHOTS as THE HAZMATS inspect the tiny logic-defying object, treating it with the care one would handle an explosive.

FINOLA (CONT'D)
Seems to have the same properties as the pieces that fell in debris field 707 in Manchester.

OTHER HAZMAT'S take measurements as they collect particle samples of the air.

FINOLA (CONT'D)
Much stronger. Sucked her through twelve stories.

He looks up to the undisturbed ceiling... from where the maid fell.

The Situation Team Agent takes a reading of the piece with a handheld device, like a Geiger counter. It's really moving the needle. She's right. He removes the piece from the floor with a tool unlike anything we've seen before. It's TENSE.

SITUATION TEAM AGENT
It's a different color.

(CONTINUED)

FINOLA
 Could be atmospheric drag, scorched
 from entry.

Finola watches as they proceed to place the piece in a smallish lead box where it's safe and sound.

ON BRYAN as he strolls into the ballroom. He takes in the situation: *The Hazmat team gathered around the piece. Others taking air samples. The dead Maid on the floor.*

He looks to Finola -- making a joke:

BRYAN
 ... What the hell did you do,
 Jones?

And off this, the reasons behind this insane event still an absolute mystery, we CUT TO:

Absolute darkness, deep space... As an approaching mass drifts towards us. Something huge. Wreckage? ...We pull back to reveal we are looking at the enormous mirrored lens of the Hubble telescope in deep space. The mass passes the telescope
 CONTINUING ON...CUT TO:

We're looking at EARTH AT NIGHT... we're just outside its atmosphere. HUGE. CINEMATIC. And we realize that whatever it is, it's on its way to us.

In the earth's night sky, OUT OF FOCUS LIGHTS in darkness that look like glittering, sparkling stars -- crystal orbs eerily revealing themselves to be spectacular falling bursts of fire from the mass burning up on entry. They light up the night sky, multiplying from entry breakdown. We travel INSIDE the plunging storm now... streaking down with it... as LETTERS begin to appear and form on screen -- and as our haunting THEME PLAYS, the LETTERS come together to form one single word:

"D E B R I S"

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL, LOWER LEVEL - DAY

An elevator door opens, and Finola and Bryan step out with the Hotel Manager, who escorts them down the hall. Bryan carries a gear bag.

INT. HOTEL, SECURITY OFFICE - SAME TIME

They enter... The Manager nods to A HEAD OF SECURITY, standing at a bank of CCTV SCREENS.

(CONTINUED)

FINOLA

If you would give us a minute?

The Head Of Security looks to the Hotel Manager, who nods. They both leave the room.

Finola takes off her jacket, sitting down at the CCTV screens, accessing the surveillance archive. She starts to go through CCTV FOOTAGE --

ON SCREEN: from the 2nd floor MEZZANINE. The SEEDY BRITS exit the stairwell, heading into the restaurant. A FEW MOMENTS LATER, Alert comes out heading in after them.

She REWINDS, watching the SEEDY BRITS... freezing frame as they exit the stairwell.

FINOLA (CONT'D)

You ever seen them before?

BRYAN

No.

Finola calls up NEW FOOTAGE from the LOBBY. ON SCREEN: The BRITS enter the front doors carrying the suitcases of cash, heading past camera on their way to the elevators.

ANOTHER FREEZE FRAME. ON FINOLA, riveted. She points to the BAGS ON SCREEN.

FINOLA

Came in with the money, left without it. Must have got what they came for.

(re: the image)

Send me that, will ya?

BRYAN

On its way.

We HEAR the telltale sound of EMAIL soar from Bryan's phone.

We now realize Bryan has tech on his phone that enables him to pull the footage from their CCTV. It's as if he's INSTANTLY downloaded all the footage and he's taking snaps of THE BRITS THAT HE WANTS from it --

ON BRYAN'S IPHONE SCREEN: He brings up the BALLROOM footage now: WE SEE THE MAID suddenly plummet from above, hitting the floor. He SLOWS DOWN HER FALL AND IMPACT, seeing if he can learn anything. SLOWING it down further, he now watches as she MIRACULOUSLY PASSES THROUGH the ceiling.

ON BRYAN, calm. They've seen a lot of weird shit.

(CONTINUED)

FINOLA
You get it all?

BRYAN
(checking his phone files)
We're good.

Finola REMOVES A SMALL, SIMPLE METALIC DEVICE, like a speaker magnet made of rough aluminum from the gear bag --

She places it on the SECURITY HARD DRIVE, and initiates it. The SECURITY SCREENS go black, erasing everything. CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY OUTSIDE SECURITY ROOM - SAME TIME

The Hotel Manager is on the phone, waiting with the Head of Security -- His PHONE BLIPS OUT, then reboots. They look up as all the lights in the hall DIM for a second. They trade a look, confused.

Bryan and Finola exit the office, passing them, leaving as if they were never even here.

FINOLA
(to the Manager)
Thanks for your help.

BRYAN
(adding)
Take it easy.
(to Finola)
I'm going to update Maddox.

INT. CAR [MOVING] - DAY

POV THROUGH the windshield. We're outside Langley, VA. It's raining here. Wipers groan back and forth.

The driver is CRAIG MADDOX, 50s, Bryan's handler. His delivery is smooth. Confident. Not easily phased. He knows where all the bodies are buried and he's not sweating it. His CELL PHONE RINGS.

MADDOX
(answering)
He's dead?

INT. HOTEL, LOBBY - DAY

Bryan heads across the lobby.

BRYAN
(into his phone)
Yeah.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRYAN (CONT'D)
 He left a 'Dorito' at the scene,
 but we retrieved it. The Buyers got
 away. I sent video. No idea who
 they are. Finola's running it
 through MI6 and Interpol.

INTERCUT THE CALLERS:

MADDOX
 Okay, I'll take a look. I'm just
 pulling in.

MADDOX pulls up to a KIOSK of what we will come to know as
 the ORBITAL COMPOUND. Sleek. Modern. Covert. He badges the
 GUARD, heading into the parking complex.

MADDOX (CONT'D)
 They couldn't have been working for
 the Russians, or the Chinese, we
 have eyes on their agents.

BRYAN
 We're trying to track the bills,
 see what we can get. Let's see if
 we can grab a print.

MADDOX
 No, no. I need you back in the
 field. Let me try and track down
 the buyers while you focus on the
 next case.
 (then)
 How is it working out with Finola?

BRYAN
 She's really settling in.

EXT. LONDON, ENGLAND - NIGHT

We drift above the sleeping city.

DAVIES (PRELAP)
 Have the Americans seen these men
 before?

INT. MI6 BUILDING, OFFICE - NIGHT

It's very late here. Rows of MI6 analyst desks empty.

FINOLA (FILTERED)
 No.

(CONTINUED)

IN A GLASS-WALLED OFFICE, Finola's handler, DAVIES, 40, is on the phone. She doesn't understand the concept of "Off the clock" and never will.

INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY - DAY

Finola is on the phone, debriefing her.

 DAVIES (FILTERED)
 (skeptical)
 At least that's what they said.

INTERCUT THE CALLERS:

 DAVIES (CONT'D)
 They're supposed to be transparent.
 I know for a fact they aren't.
 (then)
 Don't underestimate Bryan. Despite
 the coalition, I expect the
 Americans have been instructed to
 put their interests first. Just
 like we have.

 FINOLA
 He's a good partner.

 DAVIES
 He may be. Remember, Maddox pulled
 him out of an MP prison in
 Afghanistan. He's had his own
 troubles.

ON FINOLA, absorbing this.

 DAVIES (CONT'D)
 I'll let you know if we get
 anything back on the buyers.

EXT. HOTEL, LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Finola comes from the hall, Bryan is waiting for her. She says nothing of her conversation with Davies.

 BRYAN
 You ready?

 FINOLA
 Yeah.

EXT. WICHITA KANSAS, TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - DAY

A gray Subaru travels past camera at speed.

INT. SUBARU [MOVING] - DAY

We pick up A BOY, 6, in a car with A WOMAN, 35. The Boy plays with a tiny plastic version of one of those little wind-up monkeys that slam the cymbals together. CLINK CLINK CLINK CLINK...

THE BOY

I saw on the internet there were these men at the circus who walk on tightropes... and they don't have any nets. They're very brave.

The Woman looks at him in her rearview mirror.

WOMAN IN CAR

Yeah, well listen, I wouldn't try that. It's pretty dangerous. By the way, these guys practice for that their whole lives and you really, really have to know what you're doing with that stuff if --

But, suddenly, she stops talking, realizing that there is something in her eye. She rubs it, looking at her hand, seeing BLOOD. The blood is coming from her eye socket.

With growing alarm, she pulls over to the side of the roadway. The boy hasn't noticed yet.

THE BOY

Can you put on music?

The Woman starts to COUGH a little... more blood comes from her eye. The boy is now watching her. And after a beat or two, it looks like she just dies with her eyes open. The boy sits there, watching her for a few beats more.

He undoes his seatbelt and gets out of the car, walks around to the driver's side and opens her door, unbuckles her seatbelt, and gently pulls her the best he can out of the seat and onto the pavement.

But when he lays her down, we can see that she is suddenly incredibly light. Almost as if she is weightless. He straightens her out, and oddly, as the wind picks up, the body begins to effortlessly drift away from him.

Her body slides across the roadway, carried into an adjacent field... like a windswept plastic garbage bag. It is at once, macabre, and bizarre. The boy watches from the road as she gets further and further away... off this, we CUT TO BLACK:

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOEXT. ORBITAL PLANE - EARLY MORNING

A private plane traverses towards the sunrise.

INT. ORBITAL PLANE - DAWN

A government plane with vast arrays of technology. (It'll be a home set and serves as their mobile command, so they go from place to place on it.) And while this "office" is normal to them, it's phenomenal to us.

The entire Western Hemisphere is being monitored by state-of-the-art SAT SCREENS, RADARS, ETC. COMPUTER 3D MODELING captures debris field projections and a vast array of info as well as real-time feeds of the Earth's orbit.

ON FINOLA. In a seat, doing data entry at a terminal. All files she accesses have the name ORBITAL on them. Just then, an ORBITAL INCIDENT REPORT comes up on her screen. She opens it, begins reading --

INT. ORBITAL PLANE, COCKPIT - NIGHT

Finola knocks. The CO-PILOT, 40s, lets her in.

FINOLA

So, just a heads up, we've just had an incident report.

CO-PILOT

Yes, redirecting to Kansas.

FINOLA

Okay, I just wanted to make sure you got it.

CO-PILOT

Yeah... By the way, we didn't get to talk when you boarded. But, I flew your father a few times.

FINOLA

Oh. Wow. Really? In London?

CO-PILOT

Yes. Summer last year. I'm really sorry. I heard about his passing.

FINOLA

Aw. Thank you. I appreciate that.

(CONTINUED)

CO-PILOT

This was early days of Orbital.
Even with all that, he was... so
generous with his time.

FINOLA

That's very sweet. He certainly
made an impression on people.
(then...)
It was nice meeting you...

CO-PILOT

John.

FINOLA

Nice meeting you, John.

She leaves, shutting the door. She stands there a moment...
We can tell the mention of her father really affected her.

The plane starts to gently bank.

ON BRYAN. Further down, asleep in his seat. He wakes, lifting
his sleep mask --

FINOLA (CONT'D)

(going to him)
We're diverting to Kansas. We've
got something there.

BRYAN

(sarcastic)
Outstanding.

She shows him a file on her tablet.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

(as he reads)
Ok. At least it's not a black hole
opening over a school.
(handing it back, noticing
her files)
Why are you still working? It's
been a sixteen hour day.

FINOLA

How do you think our reports get
done, Bryan?

BRYAN

Someone else does 'em.

ON FINOLA, waiting for Bryan to realize she is the "someone
else". And he finally does.

(CONTINUED)

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Oh. Well... keep up the good work.

He pulls his sleep mask down over his eyes again and rolls towards the window. OFF FINOLA, shaking her head and walking back to her seat.

EXT. WICHITA TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - MORNING

Middle of nowhere. A govt-issue SUV FLIES through frame.

INT. SUV [MOVING] - MORNING

Finola is driving. Bryan takes out a bag of M&Ms from his pocket, tearing them open with his teeth.

FINOLA

(realizing)

Did you take those from the hotel?

BRYAN

From the mini bar. So what?

She nods, entertained. This is Bryan's world, we're just living in it.

FINOLA

Why do you do this, Bryan?

BRYAN

Why do I do *this*... In the grand scheme of things? I want the good guys to get this technology before anyone else.

She's fishing... he plays things so close to the vest.

FINOLA

No. Why do you really do this? Grander scheme.

Bryan casually kicks his shoeless feet up onto the dash, pops a few more M&Ms.

BRYAN

(mouthful, chewing)

I came back from Afghanistan, where would I go? Become an accountant? Sell Jeeps? Install water heaters? I'm not going to be a CEO, I'm not going to cure cancer. This is how I contribute. Besides... Can you imagine James Bond working at a Starbucks?

(CONTINUED)

FINOLA

(amused)

You're like James Bond? You're both men, you mean?

BRYAN

He started out doing it because he was sort've like driven by duty, right? And then, basically his job took everything from him. And he can't stop. It's clear that he doesn't always want to do this, but, he can't get away from it.

FINOLA

What has it taken from you?

BRYAN

You can't unsee what we've seen.

FINOLA

I understand what you mean.

BRYAN

Yeah, sure you do. Big shoes to fill, with your Dad.

FINOLA

When they lied about the Hubble going offline, in 92?

BRYAN

Yeah.

FINOLA

I was six. My father was the first Astrophysicist to be told the truth. Washington sent for him, he was gone before sunrise. And when he saw what they had, all those shots of the wreckage... of that ship -- well you know what it must have been like, you saw the photos.

BRYAN

Never seen those photos. They're still classified for us.

FINOLA

They were spectacular. They're burned in my brain. It was huge, like, colossal... it was still on fire. Burning solar flares all around it.

(CONTINUED)

ON FINOLA as she recounts the memory, taking in the orange rising sun on the horizon ahead of them. The massive fiery star helps remind us how small mankind is in the cosmos. Finola weighs up her words:

FINOLA (CONT'D)

That was the last time I had my father the same way. Irony is, it took almost 30 years for that debris to make it here. And he's not. And here I am, just as obsessed. Chasing the same thing.

(beat, she looks at Bryan)

Last year, when the first pieces started to enter our atmosphere and fall, my first reaction was to pick up my phone and call my father.

Bryan wasn't expecting this much emotional detail. He lets the moment settle.

ON FINOLA. Realizing this cascaded into something more personal than she expected. She tries to lighten it up.

FINOLA (CONT'D)

(re: the M&Ms)

Okay. Give me one.

BRYAN

They're stolen. I don't want to bring you to the dark side.

He eats the last one. She reacts -- He starts laughing.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I got stacks of 'em.

Bryan pulls out more bags of M&Ms, a MARS bar, and some crackers. He's raided the ENTIRE mini bar. He tosses her a pack. She opens it.

POV THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD -- Bryan sees they're about to arrive at their destination, approaching a CRIME SCENE on the highway. EMERGENCY VEHICLES line the shoulder. Federal Agents contain the scene.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

(re: the road)

Heads up. We're here.

EXT. WICHITA TWO-LANE HIGHWAY, CRIME SCENE - MORNING

Morning light is cresting. The SUV pulls up. Trees line the highway with FIELDS beyond.

(CONTINUED)

Bryan and Finola get out of the SUV. Bryan opens the trunk, REVEALING SEVERAL LARGE ROAD CASES of equipment. He pulls one case out as --

The federal agent in charge, AGENT TOM, 30s, approaches.

BRYAN
Hey. You Tom?

AGENT TOM
Yeah.

FINOLA
(shakes all around)
Finola Jones. This is Bryan
Beneventi.

They head towards the CRIME SCENE, which is off the highway in a field.

AGENT TOM
Local PD found her. Called the FBI.
She matches the description of a
missing person here in Wichita, Amy
Morrison.

Finola clocks some WICHITA COPS, standing back, watching them. They seem spooked.

BRYAN
What'd you tell 'em?

AGENT TOM
Nothing I didn't have to.

FINOLA
Let them go. We have it from here.

Tom nods, heading off to the cops. Bryan and Finola walk into the field, CRIME SCENE TAPE is fluttering in the wind.

MOVING WITH THEM as they come upon the body of the WEIGHTLESS WOMAN we saw with the Boy in the car. Her eyes are still open. She is pressed eerily against an old steel fence, as if the wind carried her this far and the fence is preventing her from drifting any further.

Finola and Bryan take in the phenomena, seeing that SOMEHOW she is hovering a few inches off the ground.

BRYAN
That's new.

ON FINOLA, also intrigued.

(CONTINUED)

BRYAN (CONT'D)
She's defying gravity?

FINOLA
Maybe manipulating the Earth's
electric field. Some sort of
magnetic levitation.

Bryan opens his case, PULLS OUT gloves and a small, well-used, aluminum device. He scans her body, getting "pings".

BRYAN
(looking at the device)
She's clicking in at 4.4. And we
don't know how long she's been
dead. Could have been higher.

Finola gets on her tablet, SEARCHING.

FINOLA
We're at the north east tip of
debris field 718.

BRYAN
When was the date of the last
atmospheric entry?

FINOLA
(blinks back at him,
realizing)
You didn't read the file.

Beat. Busted.

BRYAN
It's on the top of my stack.

FINOLA
We had some activity August 9th.
Two weeks ago.
(looking around)
... The field spreads over sixty
miles Southwest. Spans the county.

Finola bends down beside the woman, looking at her.

BRYAN
Let's request a sat scan, see if it
picks up any signatures. I'll call
the boys to get her to a lab.

They watch The Woman lying there... it's CREEPY, as she just keeps gently bumping into the fence by the wind. But FINOLA realizes something...

(CONTINUED)

FINOLA

It's not blowing in that direction.
 (off his look)
 The wind. It's not blowing in the
 direction she's moving. Look at the
 tall grass.

Bryan looks over. The grass is blowing in a different
 direction. EERIE.

ON THE WOMAN, as she continues to persistently bump against
 the fence, as if trying to get past it.

BRYAN

(nodding to the fence)
 Grab this...

Bryan and Finola wrench the rusted fence open, freeing the
 woman. She continues to slowly drift away... And they REALIZE
 AT THIS MOMENT that she's moving on her own volition.

ON BRYAN and FINOLA, observing this, these experienced agents
 realizing this is like nothing they've ever seen.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

We're gonna need a bigger boat.

Bryan, Finola, and the agents walk after the weightless woman
 as she drifts... It's as if there is some invisible force,
 summoning her, as she leads them across the field.

EXT. WICHITA FIELD, FURTHER DOWN

They follow her to a depression in the field. She disappears
 over the rise. WHEN THEY ARRIVE THERE, we reveal what they
 see: THREE OTHER WEIGHTLESS DRIFTING BODIES in the same
 condition as the first woman, swirling lazily in a Kansas
 dust devil (a slow, vertical, rotating column of wind).

TWO WOMEN and ONE MAN. The woman's body they just found now
 drifts into it, getting swept up, joining the rest.

And off FINOLA and BRYAN, taking this in, this mystery
 growing deeper by the second... we CUT TO:

INT. WICHITA HOSPITAL - DAY

They have quarantined a ward of the hospital. Several agents
 on guard at the entrance.

A WOMAN, 40s, we will come to know as DR. SHARON BHANDARI --
 who looks like she's never loved anything, ever, in her
 entire life -- walks down the hall towards Bryan and Finola.
 Bryan starts CLAPPING, slowly, with a huge grin on his face.

(CONTINUED)

SHARON BHANDARI
 (no time for any shit)
 Why are you smirking at me, Bryan?

BRYAN
 Because I missed you, Sharon.

FINOLA
 Hi Sharon. Finola Jones. We met
 three weeks ago when I --

SHARON BHANDARI
 (I couldn't care less)
 -- Where are the victims?

BRYAN
 (pushing her buttons)
 Oh, they just stepped out to grab
 lunch.

SHARON BHANDARI
 (not amused)
 Bryan.

INT. WICHITA HOSPITAL, COMA ROOM - DAY

All the victims are strapped to gurneys, set around the room
 in a semicircle. Sharon is already examining them. Taking
 medical data --

INT. WICHITA HOSPITAL, ADJACENT VIEWING ROOM - SAME TIME

Through the glass, Finola and Bryan watch her.

FINOLA
 (whispering)
 You know... I don't want to, like,
 say anything... but every time
 Sharon shows up, it's like... She's
 like irritated to be here. You
 know? She acts like we're not in
 charge. I mean, we're out there
 risking our lives and --

SHARON BHANDARI (OVER THE INTERCOM)
 (cuts her off without
 looking up)
 -- The mic is on.

ON FINOLA. Closing her eyes. Shit. She slowly reaches over
 and hits the MUTE button.

Bryan grins at her. They smile, like kids caught passing a
 note in a classroom.

(CONTINUED)

WITH SHARON IN THE ROOM. She hovers over the MALE CORPSE, plunging a needle device into his shoulder, looking at the reading. As this is going on, we INTERCUT WITH:

FINOLA AND BRYAN, as a DING comes from Finola's tablet.

FINOLA
(picking it up, reading)
Police reports. They've all been reported missing in the past week.

BRYAN
So, what connects them?

FINOLA
Nothing connects them. No mutual friends. Don't work together. Only thing is, they all live in Wichita.

IN THE ROOM WITH SHARON -- She moves to the WOMAN from the field now, Amy Morrison, searching her eyes with a PENLIGHT.

Suddenly, **AMY BLINKS**. Holy Shit! But, as WE JUST JUMPED out of our skin, Sharon is unaffected. She just straightens up.

Not only has she never loved anything -- it's like she's never been scared of anything in her entire life. She has ice in her veins. She retrieves ANOTHER DEVICE.

CACHUNK. She takes a sub-dermal sample from Amy's arm. She looks at it, walks to the glass where Finola and Bryan are.

SHARON BHANDARI
(deadpan)
They're alive.

INT. WICHITA HOPITAL, HALLWAY - DAY

Sharon takes Finola and Bryan through what she's learned. Finola is looking at a sample slide under a microscope.

SHARON BHANDARI
They're in some sort of stasis.
They have no vital signs but there is molecular energy.

FINOLA
(swaps to another slide)
No pulse. No heartbeat.

SHARON BHANDARI
(nods, hands her a file)
Their cells are functioning.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE STORE FRONT -- A FEW MOMENTS LATER. The man comes out with his shopping bag, now looking for his wife. But there is no sign of her. She's gone. And so is the boy. CUT TO:

EXT. WICHITA MALL, PARKING LOT - DAY

The Woman gets into her car with The Boy. And we should be wondering "What the hell would compel this woman to leave her husband behind like it's the most normal thing in the world?"

IN THE BACK SEAT -- She buckles him in... He begins to wind his toy and let the monkey BANG THE CYMBALS.

THE BOY
(as she gets in)
Mom...

WOMAN FROM MALL
Yeah, Honey?

Somehow, INSANELY, the Woman From The Mall now believes she is the Boy's mother.

THE BOY
I saw on the internet there were
these men... at the circus who walk
on tightropes.

She throws her arm over the back seat, looking behind her as she reverses the car.

WOMAN FROM MALL
Wow. That's scary stuff.

THE BOY
And they don't have any nets. ...
They're very brave.

And off this creepiness, we SLAM TO BLACK.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREEEXT. WICHITA TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - DAY

A COP CAR is pulled over on the road. A UNIFORMED COP is standing near the GRAY SUBARU that we saw Amy Morrison (the woman from the field) in with the Boy. It's in the same spot on the highway as when we last saw it.

The COP looks to the road as ANOTHER COP CAR does a U-TURN, along with Bryan and Finola in their SUV. They get out with their equipment, HEADING TO THE SUBARU.

WITH FINOLA as she looks in the car through the driver's side door. She sees the BLOOD SMEAR on the steering wheel from when Amy's eye was bleeding. Bryan opens the passenger door, sticks his "Pinging" device in, checks the reading --

BRYAN

Nothing.

He checks the glove box. Nothing of note. Bryan straightens, searching the terrain with his eyes. He calls to the COP.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

(pointing)

What's past those fields there?

WICHITA COP

More fields.

BRYAN

And what's past those fields?

WICHITA COP

Well, there's a mall. Closest thing.

ON FINOLA. Looking at a map on her tablet.

FINOLA

(pointing)

We found the bodies three miles that way.

Bleep. She gets a text.

FINOLA (CONT'D)

(reading it, intrigued)

Huh. I asked for a list of all the victims' emergency contacts, the male, Vandeberg, he's the only one whose family hasn't responded.

(CONTINUED)

Just then, Agent Tom, who we met when we first found Amy's body, pulls up. He gets out, approaching --

AGENT TOM
We got CCTV footage from a 7-
Eleven, six miles back.

He hands Bryan his tablet, and they watch as SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE PLAYS OUT ON SCREEN:

Amy Morrison walks up to the counter, talks to the CLERK. He nods, points to the front of the counter. Amy reaches for what he's pointing at -- a packet of candy. She pays for it.

THE CAMERA FOOTAGE SWITCHES TO EXTERIOR, as Amy walks to the Boy, the Subaru's window is DOWN and she hands him the candy.

BRYAN
... Is that her son?

FINOLA
(checks her file)
She has no children.

BRYAN
Well, who is that?

On the silent footage, Amy reaches out, caresses his face, gets in the car and they drive off.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
Tom, let's get an APB out. Do what
you gotta do to find that kid.
(to Finola)
Let's go to the Vandenberg's house.

EXT. VANDEBERG HOUSE - DAY

The SUV pulls up the long rural driveway. It's a nice simple home, backing onto the woods. A car is in out front. They RING THE BELL. Nothing...

FINOLA
(shouts through the door)
Mrs. Vandenberg?

Bryan cups his hands, looks in a window.

EXT. VANDEBERG HOUSE, REAR - DAY

Bryan and Finola come around the back of the house. The BACK DOOR IS WIDE OPEN. As Bryan considers this...

(CONTINUED)

FINOLA

Bryan.

Bryan turns, seeing what Finola is looking at. There is an ENTRY TO A PATH INTO THE WOODS. A LITTLE WAYS UP THE PATH ... they see A FIGURE, CAUGHT in the limbs of an old downed tree. They approach...

...SEEING the body of MRS. VANDEBERG, 40s, also in a weightless coma like the others. Finola makes a call.

FINOLA (CONT'D)

Sharon. It's me. I'm going to need a medical team... We found Mary Vandenberg, she's in the same state as her husband.

EXT. WOODED PATH/DEBRIS SITE - DAY

AS BRYAN CONTINUES FURTHER IN ON THE PATH... he comes upon a child's WHITE BIKE lying on its side... THERE ARE SNAILS SWARMING ALL OVER IT. Strange.

Bryan continues further -- until he stops cold... looking at what we CANNOT SEE.

REVERSE REVEAL -- a crater in the ground with a piece of huge charred debris, the wreckage is the size of a VW Beetle.

It's obviously not of this world. There seem to be dandelion puffs suspended in mid-air around it. And the air has a shimmer, as if diffusing light. Flies enter the shimmering area and disappear, not coming out.

And for the first time, we see Bryan react. There is real danger here. Like he's just come upon a grizzly bear who is looking at him. Bryan hesitates, terrified to move.

FINOLA (O.S)

Bryan?

BRYAN

Stop!

ON FINOLA. Doing exactly that on her way down the path towards him.

Bryan very carefully takes out his ping device and holds it up shakily... It pings. He checks the reading, shocked. It's off the charts. He backs up --

EXT. VANDEBERG HOUSE, REAR - DAY

Finola and Bryan walk to the house. Bryan is on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

BRYAN

Remember the piece in Missouri,
that cloned all those cows? It's
roughly the same size, it's got
some of the same attributes. But I
don't know what it's doing yet.
There's some sort of energy field
around it. What's the containment
team's ETA?

INT. VANDEBERG HOUSE - DAY

Bryan and Finola enter the open back door, MOVING cautiously.

FINOLA

(calls out)

Federal agents. Is anyone home?

They take out their guns. It's eerily vacant. It's as if life here has just... paused. The TV is on. A TON of mail has been stuffed through the door slot.

WITH BRYAN as he MOVES THROUGH, he stops, SEEING A FAMILY PICTURE hanging on the wall above the fireplace. Mr. and Mrs. Vandenberg with their TWO CHILDREN. AN OLDER DAUGHTER, and the YOUNG BOY. This is HIS house. HIS family. Bryan turns to Finola, who's also looking at it. CUT TO:

FUTHER IN, FINOLA and BRYAN clear the rest of the house, checking the master bedroom and the boy's room. They look down the hall, seeing a shut BEDROOM DOOR at the end with a placard with the name ISLA on it.

They slowly move towards it -- and as they do, we should worry Isla is dead in there -- and they do too. They open the door... revealing the room is empty. There is furniture, but nothing personal. CUT TO:

INT. VANDEBERG HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Finola is on the phone.

FINOLA

-- Yeah. She would be a fifteen
year old girl, I believe her name
is Isla. Isla Vandenberg.

She looks to Bryan who is going through mail at the KITCHEN ISLAND. He reads something in the mail that gets him excited.

BRYAN

Found her. Maurhill Boarding
School. She doesn't live here.
That's why her room's cleared out.

(CONTINUED)

Bryan gets on his phone, searching. He furrows his brow.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
It's an hour away.

FINOLA
Why would she board at a school
only an hour away?

INT. MAURHILL BOARDING SCHOOL, CLASS ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON ISLA VANDEBERG, 16, in her full classroom taking a test. She looks up as the PRINCIPAL enters, interrupting... He has a word with the TEACHER. Then:

PRINCIPAL
Isla?

INT. MAURHILL BOARDING SCHOOL, PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Isla is shaken up, on the phone with Finola. The Principal stands by. She looks gut punched.

ISLA
I don't understand. What happened
to them?

INT. VANDEBERG HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Finola tries to tread as gently as she can.

FINOLA
We're not sure yet. But we have
some of our best people looking
after them. We're desperately
trying to locate your little
brother as well. Can you give us
some information on him? ... His
friends, or friends of your
parents, anyone he might --

ISLA
-- Is this some kind of joke?
(beat, then)
My brother died seven months ago in
a car accident.

And off Finola, her mind twisting into a pretzel.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOURINT. VANDEBERG HOUSE - DUSK

ON BRYAN as he appears at the lip of the Boy's room. He stands at the door, solemnly. The bands of retreating daylight streak through the window as the sun begins to slip below the horizon. The room seems like a shrine, drenched in loss. It hasn't been touched.

ON THE DESK. Bryan sees a small box from the toy monkey we saw the boy with. There is a sticky note on it -- It says: "I love you Little Monkey. Isla. Xx"

FINOLA (V.O)
March 19th. They were t-boned at an intersection by an impaired driver.

INT. VANDEBERG HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Finola goes through records on her tablet... Bryan is now seated on the couch with his arms crossed listening.

FINOLA
The mother was taken to Kansas City General, head injuries, broken ribs and internal bleeding.

ON HER TABLET: We SEE the police report, with PHOTOS of the accident scene and the WRECKED, TWISTED CARS. It's brutal -- so violent, the car is upside down in a field.

FINOLA (CONT'D)
He was pronounced dead at the scene. ... His name was Kieran.

She looks up at Bryan. Beat. She walks to the window, looking towards where the debris is in the back woods --

FINOLA (CONT'D)
(more fascinated than frightened)
... It manifested him.

ON BRYAN. Thinking about this...

BRYAN
So are we saying now the debris somehow just pulled him out of the ground, put meat on his bones?

FINOLA
No. Not that.

(CONTINUED)

BRYAN
How do you know?

FINOLA
He was cremated.

They HEAR large trucks PULLING UP OUT FRONT.

BRYAN
The team's here.

Bryan leaves to greet them. Finola turns back to the window, intrigued.

EXT. VANDEBERG HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - DUSK

Bryan watches as another SITUATION TEAM unloads. Many TRUCKS and PERSONNEL. The scope is like a Spielberg film. Think E.T.

BRYAN
It's out there boys... Can't miss it.

EXT. WOODED PATH/DEBRIS SITE - DUSK

Finola walks towards the debris. She stands there, looking at it. EXAMINING the DANDELION FLUFFS floating in MID AIR near the shimmer. She delicately takes one between her fingers ... Then allows it to drift back towards the shimmer. Inexplicable things like this never cease to amaze her.

She begins taking readings with her own instruments. But as she does, she suddenly begins to SEE FLASHES, silent images of A WOMAN, 60. They are VIVID. INTENSE.

Startled, Finola DROPS her device. She picks it up... backing up slowly... staring at the debris, UNSETTLED. She turns, walking back to the house.

EXT. VANDEBERG HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bryan watches as agents now pull up with Isla Vandenberg in their car. Isla gets out, confused at the activity.

BRYAN
Hello, Isla. I'm Bryan.

INT. VANDEBERG HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Finola and Bryan sit opposite Isla.

ISLA
A few days ago my mom and dad wanted me to come home.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ISLA (CONT'D)

She said they had something to show me that I wouldn't believe.

FINOLA

Okay.

ISLA

She was happy. Ecstatic. She hadn't been like that in a long time. Not since Kieran died.

(then)

But then the next day, I got a text that she had changed her mind, telling me not to come. Insisting I don't.

Finola looks to Bryan and then back to Isla.

ISLA (CONT'D)

What happened to them? Can I see them?

FINOLA

Soon.

ISLA

(to Bryan)

You said you'd tell me what happened.

BRYAN

(plowing through)

Why are you living at a boarding school thirty miles away?

ISLA

After my brother, my mother couldn't get over it. We were fighting ... all the time. We went to therapy... all of us... and I decided I had to leave the house for a little while.

(elaborating)

I told her if she didn't take him to the gas station that day to buy candy, they wouldn't have been there when that guy ran the stoplight. He wouldn't have died.

ON FINOLA. Affected. She looks to Bryan.

(CONTINUED)

BRYAN
 (making an attempt to
 sympathize)
 That's a... that's a bummer.

ON FINOLA. ... WTF? This is going to be a first in a series-long journey of Bryan's "Meant well BUT... Didn't stick the landing" type attempts to emotionally connect.

FINOLA
 Bryan, you wanna... go check how
 they're doing back there? Give us a
 minute.

Bryan gets up, heading outside. She turns back to Isla.

FINOLA (CONT'D)
 I know what grief can do to a
 person.

INT. VANDEBERG HOUSE, HALL - SAME TIME

A moment with Bryan as he stops, leans against the wall,
 LISTENING to Finola and Isla talk.

FINOLA (O.S)
 My mother died of cancer two years
 ago. My father couldn't get over
 her death, no matter how hard he
 tried.

INTERCUT FINOLA and BRYAN:

FINOLA (CONT'D)
 And I lost him too, a short time
 later, and I'm still dealing with
 it.

We SEE they're bonding. This is a huge skill of Finola's.
 She's trying to get Isla to open up.

FINOLA (CONT'D)
 ... He was an astrophysicist, so I
 became a scientist too.

ISLA
 (takes the bait)
 What kind of scientist?

FINOLA
 One that looks for things that fall
 from the sky... that can do amazing
 things.

(CONTINUED)

ISLA

Is that what you're doing here?

ON BRYAN, waiting for her response.

ON FINOLA, holding her look. The least favorite part of Finola's job... is when she has to lie:

FINOLA

We're still trying to figure that out.

EXT. VANDEBERG HOUSE, FRONT - NIGHT

Bryan sits on the porch, watching the HAZMAT teams move equipment from their utility trucks.

Finola comes out --

FINOLA

She's telling the truth. I believe she has no idea what happened here.

BRYAN

I agree.

FINOLA

Tom's bringing her to a friend's house until her aunt can get here from Wyoming.

BRYAN

(re: what he said to Isla)
Was that bad back there? Sorry, I didn't know what to say to her. It just... came out.

FINOLA

It's okay. You tried.

Beat.

FINOLA (CONT'D)

Right?

The intonation she uses changes the meaning... Now it becomes a sincere question.

BRYAN

I knew someone like her once.

A nod to his past, but that's all she's gonna get.

(CONTINUED)

BRYAN (CONT'D)
 You were... you were good back
 there. I heard you from the hall.

She can see despite his calm demeanor, he wrestles with some demons.

FINOLA
 Everyone's got a past, Bryan.
 But, every time I give a part of
 myself, I get so much more back.

ON BRYAN, this unexpectedly hits close to home.

FINOLA (CONT'D)
 Connection is all we have to keep
 us on the ground here.

A beat as they both grapple with what that means to them. Off the silence, Finola changes the subject --

FINOLA (CONT'D)
 I don't know if Mrs. Vandenberg
 touched it. I don't think she had
 to. When you were outside greeting
 the team... I went out to the
 debris. I wanted to run some DF
 tests on it. ... It manifested a
 vision of my mother in my mind...
 from my memory.

Bryan nods, interested --

FINOLA (CONT'D)
 I've been having trouble with my
 sister lately... back in London,
 and I was thinking of our Mum. She
 always knew how to handle her. It's
 as if the debris pulled that memory
 from me because it felt my longing
 for her. ... I think it did the
 same thing for Mary Vandenberg. I
 think it was her grief that caused
 this.

BRYAN
 The debris is not a therapist. It's
 part of a spacecraft --

FINOLA
 -- I'm not saying it has a
 personality.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FINOLA (CONT'D)

Who know what it does -- it could be some component of their hyper sleep chamber to give them happy thoughts, I don't know -- I'm just saying... I don't know what I'm saying. I just *felt* it.

They let that hang there for a moment.

FINOLA (CONT'D)

At first she probably thought it was a miracle. So she calls her daughter to come...

BRYAN

...Twenty-four hours later, she says don't come. Something must have happened.

FINOLA

Maybe he had to drain the Dad to continue its manifestation... It's like... maybe the Boy is using people as batteries.

BRYAN

Right, Dad ends up in that field...

FINOLA

And it all quickly becomes a nightmare.... The kid needs another battery. Someone else. Closest person he had was the mother, and now it's running on autopilot. Finding other people to drain in order to continue to exist.

Bryan watches her for a moment.

BRYAN

Your experience with the debris... What was that like?

FINOLA

It's like it knew what I wanted.

ON BRYAN, digesting that...

FINOLA (CONT'D)

Have you ever been affected by debris? Has anything ever messed you up?

(CONTINUED)

BRYAN

I don't play with the toys. I've seen people who have though.

FINOLA

Like what?

BRYAN

Another time.

She knows there are stories here, but doesn't push.

FINOLA

It was... it was a warm feeling. It was like, a million different conversations happened in a second. I felt closer to her than ever.

(a beat, reflecting)

It's funny...

BRYAN

What?

FINOLA

Makes me realize something. With my mother... I had plenty of time to prepare myself -- it was such -- hers was such a protracted battle. I had time to prepare... make peace with it. I got to say goodbye. But my father...

(nodding)

Suicide is so sudden. You never really get any answers. Any closure.

(beat)

I realize that I'm still so mad at him that I forget how much I miss him. Maybe that's why it showed me my mother, not him.

We hold on both of them... reflecting... bonding.

INT. WICHITA HOSPITAL, COMA ROOM - NIGHT

MARY VANDEBERG is wheeled into the ward by AGENTS and Sharon. Her gurney taking its place amongst the other victims. Sharon starts hooking her up to the same machines... As she does... A slight whispered VOICE comes from behind.

VOICE FROM BEHIND

Jenna Goldland ...

(CONTINUED)

Sharon turns... Realizing it was from one of the COMA VICTIMS. CREEPY. But, it's about to get creepier -- as ANOTHER VICTIM now whispers the name.

COMA VICTIM #2
Jenna Goldland... Jenna Goldland...

THEN ANOTHER...

AMY MORRISON
... Jenna Goldland.

Now all the coma victims start repeating that name.

MR. VANDEBERG	ALL COMA VICTIMS
Jenna Goldland....	... Jenna Goldland. ... Jenna Goldland...

INT. VANDEBERG HOUSE, HALL - CONTINUOUS

Bryan picks up his VIBRATING PHONE.

BRYAN
Yeah.
(listening)
... What was the name? ... Who's Jenna Goldland?

ON FINOLA. The hair on her neck stands up.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
(to Finola)
It's Sharon. She says the victims all started repeating the name Jenna Goldland.

FINOLA
(beat)
That's my mother's name.

He blinks back at her...

BRYAN
(into his phone)
I'm gonna call you back.

Bryan hangs up. A long beat as they stare at each other. WTF!

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVEEXT. BACK WOODS ROAD - NIGHT

A dark sedan we've never seen before pulls over to the side of the road, headlights off. We're SURPRISED to see the two SEEDY BRITS from the teaser get out. These guys are the people who bought the debris in the hotel. They have their own "PINGING" device, similar to Bryan and Finola's.

SEEDY BRIT #2 sends out a few pings, getting a faint, delayed response. CUT TO:

INT. VANDEBERG HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bryan and Finola pack up their gear to head to the hospital.

FINOLA

That experience just happened to me, Bryan. How could they know her name? They're obviously somehow still connected to the debris.

BRYAN

So they must still be aware...

Building off him --

FINOLA

Maybe there's a way to still reach them.

Bryan gets a text on his phone. He looks at it --

BRYAN

Another woman was reported missing from the mall. She left with a child that matches the Boy's description.

Off Finola and Bryan, knowing the fate that awaits this woman if they can't save her. CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

A RED MILITARY FLASHLIGHT comes on, illuminating the BLACKNESS. The two Seedy Brits CRUNCH through the terrain. The PINGS are getting louder. BRIT #2 stops seeing something AHEAD... IT'S A BLINDINGLY BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT, like in CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND. And we JUST KNOW it's a UFO --

EXT. WOODS, FURTHER IN - NIGHT

-- AS THEY MOVE THROUGH THE TREES, they begin to HEAR A LOW RUMBLE. The Brits trade a look, but continue forward towards the LIGHT. ON THEIR FACES, the LIGHT BEGINS TO ILLUMINATE THEM...SUPER BRIGHT LIGHT NOW.

. . . . WHAT THEY SEE . . . REVEAL THEY ARE ON THE BACK SIDE OF OUR DEBRIS SITE AT THE VANDEBERG HOUSE. THE LIGHTS ARE ACTUALLY JUST MASSIVE FLOOD LIGHTS, as the SITUATION TEAM WORK IN HAZMAT SUITS AROUND THE DEBRIS, still ERECTING SOME TYPE OF CONTAINMENT UNIT.

ON THEIR FACES, we can tell they didn't expect the FEDS to be here. We should get the feeling they were after the debris themselves, but they are too late.

FEDERAL AGENT (O.S.)
Don't move.

The Seedy Brits look sideways, seeing A FEDERAL AGENT, gun trained on them, about twenty yards away.

FEDERAL AGENT (CONT'D)
Get on your knees.

SEEDY BRIT is closest to him. He stares back defiantly.

FEDERAL AGENT (CONT'D)
Get. Down.

Seedy Brit drops, REVEALING that in the moments this has taken, SEEDY BRIT #2 has drawn his side arm, has the agent dead to rights. BOTH FIRE!!!

EXT. VANDEBERG HOUSE, REAR - SAME TIME

At the cracks of gunfire, every agent at the scene looks towards the woods. CUT TO:

EXT. VANDEBERG HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bryan and Finola walk to the SUV -- they hear the shot also.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

STEADICAM with the SEEDY BRITS running through the woods, looking back --

EXT. ANOTHER NEARBY ROAD - NIGHT

-- They stumble onto the street. SEEDY BRIT #2 bleeds from his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

SEEDY BRIT looks back -- FLASHLIGHTS from the WOODS race towards them. Worried, he sees a HIGHWAY illuminated way down the road.

AGENT TOM is the first agent to make it to the street. Finola and Bryan arrive now too --

Realizing they can't escape -- the Seedy Brits pop pill-like pieces of metal into their mouths, and they literally BLIP out. DISAPPEARING. What the HELL was that!?

ON BRYAN AND FINOLA, reacting, as the other AGENTS ARRIVE.

THE SEEDY BRIT REAPPEARS a HALF MILE down the road where the HIGHWAY is -- Holy shit!!!

EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS/SERVICE ROAD - SAME TIME

The Seedy Brit looks around, but, Seedy Brit #2 is nowhere. Then, he HEARS an anguished moan O.S.

He walks towards it... staring at something we CANNOT SEE. The pained MOANING continues... as he RAISES HIS FIREARM still looking off screen. He hesitates. Then, off his conflicted face, he FIRES! CUT TO:

AERIAL VIEW, HELICOPTER - NIGHT

SEARCHLIGHTS SCAN the overpass area as FEDERAL SEDANS and Bryan and Finola's SUV arrive.

EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS/SERVICE ROAD - NIGHT

TRACK WITH BRYAN, FINOLA, and AGENTS as they search on foot.

FEDERAL AGENT (O.S.)

Over here!

We FOLLOW Bryan and Finola as they head towards the call. THEY SLOW as they APPROACH SOMETHING THEY CANNOT UNDERSTAND...

REVERSE REVEAL, and we realize Seedy Brit #2 had reappeared halfway embedded in a CONCRETE OVERPASS SUPPORT! His dead eyes stare off, face still anguished, a bullet hole in his forehead.

Bryan and Finola instantly recognize him from the security tapes from the hotel.

AGENT TOM

(to Bryan)

This guy mean anything to you?

(CONTINUED)

BRYAN
 (mind reeling)
 Yeah.

And off Bryan, considering how the hell these guys are now
here in Wichita. We CUT TO:

EXT. ORBITAL COMPOUND, MADDOX'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Maddox is on the phone.

MADDOX
 You're sure?

EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS/SERVICE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Bryan is the caller, as he walks back to the SUV.

BRYAN
 Yeah, I'm positive. It's one of the
 same guys from New York.

INTERCUT THE CALLERS:

MADDOX
 And you're sure they teleported.

BRYAN
 I saw it with my own eyes.

ON MADDOX. Gravely concerned.

MADDOX
 So whoever they are they have
 something we don't.

BRYAN
 And they identified where this
 piece we've just found was. This
 must be an organized group, there's
 no way two individuals are funded
 the way they would need to be to
 find this.

MADDOX
 I'm having the body transported
 back to me. I'll get back to you.

And as Bryan considers how the playing field has just become
 more crowded... Finola walks up -- handing him her tablet.
 She's found something:

(CONTINUED)

FINOLA

I was thinking about the different connections between the victims. They were all found in the same field.

BRYAN

Yeah.

She flips through files for Bryan... We SEE PHOTOS OF THE CAR CRASH. The flipped over car in the field.

FINOLA

That's where the accident took place. That's where he died. When the car was T-boned, it came to a stop in that field.

(beat, then)

... Is he taking them there?

Bryan contemplates this --

BRYAN

His sister said they went to a gas station before the crash.

(she nods)

The woman we found, in the field, Amy Morrison, we have footage of her... with the boy, remember? Tom said the footage was from a 7-Eleven. It's part of a gas station. I saw it when we came into town.

FINOLA

Okay.

BRYAN

It's on the same road. What if he's taking them on the same route the night he died.

Agent Tom walks up --

TOM

Highway patrol spotted the vehicle of the missing woman from the mall on the I-35. She's with the boy. I told them not to engage. If we hurry we can catch up to them.

BRYAN

I think I know where they'll be.

We HEAR the SOUND of a CHAINSAW back at the overpass.

EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS/SERVICE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON a SCREAMING concrete CHAINSAW as GOVERNMENT WORK TEAMS begin to cut through the support column containing Seedy Brit #2. CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION/7-ELEVEN - NIGHT

The WOMAN FROM THE MALL's car pulls up to the pumps. She gets out and heads inside.

We very SLOWLY TRACK towards the car, SEEING THE BOY in the back seat, window open, watching her.

INT. GAS STATION/7-ELEVEN - NIGHT

The SAME 7-eleven from the footage we saw Amy Morrison in. The CLERK looks up --

WOMAN FROM MALL

Hi. My son loves these candies.
They're like, small and sour, but
sweet at the same --

CLERK

-- Yeah. Right there.

The Clerk points to the front of the counter. And THIS IS EXACTLY LIKE WE SAW AMY MORRISON DO ON THE CCTV FOOTAGE. She pays for them.

WOMAN FROM MALL

Thanks so much.

She turns to go, RIGHT INTO BRYAN --

BRYAN

(badging her)

Hi. I'm Agent Beneventi. Can I talk
to you for a second?

EXT. GAS STATION/7-ELEVEN, PUMPS - CONTINUOUS

Finola walks towards the car with trepidation... She comes to the REAR WINDOW, SEEING the Boy there.

FINOLA

... Hello.

The Boy ignores her, continues to play with his toy monkey.

INTENSE BEAT... Finola looks behind her, back towards the 7-Eleven -- SEES BRYAN INSIDE, talking to the WOMAN. When she looks back to the Boy he is staring at her. TERRIFYING.

(CONTINUED)

She takes him in, KNOWING she's DEALING WITH SOMETHING OTHERWORLDLY. And we can tell by her unease... that this is the first encounter she's had of this type.

INT. GAS STATION/7-ELEVEN - CONTINUOUS

WOMAN FROM MALL
(growing upset)
That's my son. What are you --

BRYAN
It's not your son.

She SEES FINOLA through the window, outside at the car, talking to the boy. She tries to push past --

WOMAN FROM MALL
Let go of me.

EXT. GAS STATION/7-ELEVEN, PUMPS - CONTINUOUS

ON FINOLA. With equal parts fear and fascination, she slowly reaches out... touching the skin on the Boy's face.

FINOLA
... Your skin... it's warm.

The Boy doesn't react, just continues to look at her.

FINOLA (CONT'D)
... What's your name?

THE BOY
Kieran.

FINOLA
You're not Kieran.
(then)
... And you don't belong here.

Beat.

THE BOY
I'm wanted here.

As he continues to play, the monkey's cymbal crashing seems to be getting faster... CUT TO:

INT. GAS STATION/7-ELEVEN - CONTINUOUS

The Woman From The Mall intensifies her fight, wailing as she struggles to physically get past Bryan.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN FROM MALL

Please!... Let me go! Why are
 you doing this!? Why are you -
 -

BRYAN

You have to calm down. Look
 at me... look at me. That's
 not your son. He's not --

Suddenly, BLOOD starts to drip from her eye, down her face,
 like we saw with the other woman. Shaken, Bryan releases her.

Confused, she wipes the blood, looking at it on her fingers.
 She slumps to her knees... staring up at him. Suddenly, she
 loses consciousness, falling backwards...

EXT. GAS STATION/7-ELEVEN, PUMPS - CONTINUOUS

On Finola, still at the car, staring off into the night.

MAN AT GAS PUMP (O.S)

Are you ok?

Finola looks over at the MAN, who's filling his car at
 another pump.

FINOLA

Yes, thanks. ... I'm just talking
 with my son.

She looks at the Boy... reaching out, caressing his face...
 And terror sets in, as we realize Finola has now been taken
 control of.

INT. GAS STATION/7-ELEVEN - CONTINUOUS

ON BRYAN... wide-eyed as the Woman now hovers about two
 inches off the floor, slowly drifting away from him. And off
 Bryan realizing the Boy has used all her energy, he turns to
 the door, CONCERNED as it suddenly dawns on him --

EXT. GAS STATION/7-ELEVEN - CONTINUOUS

Bryan comes out, SEEING FINOLA AND THE CAR are GONE, and we
 SLAM TO BLACK.

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIXINT. SUV [MOVING] - NIGHT

ENGINE is THUMPING. Bryan behind the wheel. As he drives, he urgently assembles some sort of apparatus on the passenger seat from one of the other large cases we saw in the trunk.

CLICKING the final PIECE into place, it takes the shape of some sort of military TECH CANNON. These guys have so many awesome off-market tools to do their INSANE job -- this is one of them.

EXT. WICHITA TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bryan's SUV pulls up alongside of Finola in the other car.

INT. SUV [MOVING] - CONTINUOUS

Bryan lowers the PASSENGER WINDOW... leaning on the HORN.

BRYAN
Finola!!!! Finola!

She stares straight ahead, entranced... Every once in a while, he can SEE the Boy in the back seat, illuminated by the passing highway lights. And the Boy is sitting perfectly still, looking back at him.

Raising the CANNON with one hand, steadying it, we HEAR A LOUD, HIGH-PITCHED WHINE like the cannon is CHARGING TO FIRE. Bryan PULLS THE TRIGGER. WOMMMMP!!!! An UNSEEN BLAST hits the car --

INT. WOMAN FROM MALL'S CAR, MOVING - CONTINUOUS

-- THE GAUGES GO BLACK as a high-powered electro magnetic pulse penetrates the vehicle, disabling the micro-processor, SHUTTING THE ENGINE DOWN. THE BOY DISINTEGRATES FROM THE BLAST, disappearing like he's been scattered into a million tendrils of energy --

But this unexpectedly causes the energy to HEAD BACK TOWARDS BRYAN!!!!

INT. SUV [MOVING] - CONTINUOUS

ON BRYAN, as the shockwave reverberates through his SUV. His car goes dead now too, rolling to a stop. Bryan gets out of the car --

EXT. WICHITA TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - SAME TIME

Bryan runs to where Finola's car has come to a stop ahead on the highway --

INT. WOMAN FROM MALL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Finola is dazed, and out of it -- Suddenly, she starts to convulse, as the Boy REMATERIALIZES behind her. Blood starts to leak from her eye as her energy is massively drained. He is ABSORBING HER LIFE FORCE like a parasite!

EXT. WICHITA TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - SAME TIME

-- Bryan runs back to the car and grabs the EMP cannon.

INT. WOMAN FROM MALL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Boy uses Finola's energy to restart the car. Finola SLAMS the car in gear, accelerating away, compelled to protect him.

EXT. WICHITA TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - SAME TIME

Bryan FIRES THE EMP BLAST after the car. All the STREET LIGHTS begin to go out one by one, chasing the car -- but it doesn't reach it, as the car is out of range.

INT. SUV, MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Finola looks to the Boy in the rearview mirror.

FINOLA

It's going to be alright.

EXT. WICHITA TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - SAME TIME

Off Bryan -- HEART pounding, WITH NO CARD LEFT TO PLAY -- he paces, freaked out. He retrieves his cell phone from the car - - also dead from the EMP.

Headlights APPROACH from the other side of the road -- he runs across the lane. Stopping the approaching car, he holds up his badge. CUT TO:

INT. SHITTY FORD FOCUS, (MOVING) - NIGHT

Bryans driving the tiny car at speeds it should NOT be traveling at.

Two TEENAGED GIRLS are in the car. He uses one of their HOT PINK cell phones.

(CONTINUED)

BRYAN
 (into the phone)
 ... Get everyone you have. I need a
 medical team. She's going to be
 there trust me. I'll be there as
 soon as I can.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

BANG. BANG. BANG. Bryan pounds on the door of the house. A
 MAN, a fatherly type, 40s, opens up.

MAN IN HOUSE
 Can I help you?

BRYAN
 Is Isla Vandenberg staying here?

BEHIND HIM, ISLA and her FRIEND appear, looking at him,
 wondering what he's doing there. CUT TO:

INT. WICHITA HOSPITAL, COMA ROOM - NIGHT

Bryan brings Isla into the room. She starts to cry at the
 sight of her mother and father, and the other victims on
 their gurneys, hooked up to the machines.

Bryan supports her, putting his hand on her shoulder from
 behind... She turns to him...

BRYAN
 They're not in any pain, Isla.

Isla lowers her eyes, indicating that she understands as
 tears stream down her face.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
 My partner thinks that your
 mother's grief is what is causing
 this. You have to reach her.

ISLA
 Can she hear me?

BRYAN
 (beat)
 She has to.

Isla goes to her mother's side... brushes her hair gently...

ISLA
 Mom. Mom, please wake up. Mom.
 Please.

(CONTINUED)

ON MARY -- unresponsive.

INT. SUV [MOVING] - NIGHT

Finola drives with The Boy. He winds his toy monkey and the CYMBALS begin to crash...

THE BOY

I saw on the internet... there were these men at the circus who walk on tightropes...

ON FINOLA as more blood drips from her eye.

INT. WICHITA HOSPITAL, COMA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ON ISLA. Emotionally pleading with her mother --

ISLA

I never got to say goodbye to Kieran. I don't want to say goodbye to you.

Bryan watches Mary... This isn't working. Isla falters, crying... Bryan kneels down to her, trying to CONNECT to her like he saw Finola do.

BRYAN

I know you're scared, Isla. I'm scared too.

(beat)

I've never told anyone this before... But you have to try... to tell her how much you need her. You'll never forgive yourself if you don't.

And she can see past regret in his eyes.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

Tell her it's just you now.

Ilsa nods, trying again... Turning to her Mom.

ISLA

I realize we have to hold onto each other, Mom... it's just us now. I'm sorry for leaving... I know how much this hurts. But he's never coming back.

INT. SUV [MOVING] - CONTINUOUS

Finola pulls the car over to the side of the road.

INT. WICHITA HOSPITAL, COMA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ISLA

I know we have our problems... I didn't think I could be there for you. None of us asked for this, Mom... but we're here. And I know ... I know for sure now. That we're supposed to hang on to what we have left.

ON MARY as a TEAR crests from her closed eye and falls down her cheek.

ON BRYAN. Realizing it's working. Isla sees it too and gets inspired by it -- she's actually being heard!

ISLA (CONT'D)

We're the only ones who will remember what we had... it's so important... we have to hold on to each other.

Bryan sees that TEARS NOW STREAM DOWN ALL THE COMA VICTIMS' FACES... As if all are feeling Mary's swell of emotion.

EXT. WICHITA TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Finola walks from the SUV holding the Boy's hand. AS A TEAR STREAMS DOWN HER FACE TOO... She stops. She wipes it... looking at the water on her fingers.

The Boy looks up at her, in wonder... tilting his head, finding this fascinating.

INT. WICHITA HOSPITAL, COMA ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ISLA

I need you... I need you, Mom, so much.

-- AND BOOM!!!! MARY'S eyes SUDDENLY dart open, GASPING, HER LUNGS FILLING WITH AIR. FOLLOWED BY EACH OF THE OTHER COMA VICTIMS, ALL WAKING IN THE SAME WAY. They all look around, realizing their surroundings.

EXT. WICHITA TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

At this same moment, Finola snaps out of it as well. The Boy is now gone.

WIDEN TO REVEAL, she's standing in the middle of the intersection. This is the same intersection where the Boy died and where the victims were found.

(CONTINUED)

On the other side of the intersection, there are FLASHING LIGHTS. FED SEDANS, AMBULANCES, SOME HAZMAT TEAM MEMBERS and their trucks. It's as if the entire field office has come out.

She turns to the field where the bodies were discovered and we can BARELY make out a dust devil whirling in the darkness, it slowly dissipates into nothing.

It's eerily silent. And off Finola, realizing the ordeal is finally over... CUT TO:

INT. WICHITA HOSPITAL, COMA ROOM - MORNING

Rays of soft morning light break through metal blinds. ON BRYAN, seated in the B.G. watching as...

FINOLA sits in silence with MARY VANDEBERG. She looks up to Finola studying her with her eyes. Then:

MARY VANDEBERG

They said you took it away from the house.

(Finola nods)

What was it?

FINOLA

It was never supposed to be here. That's all I can say.

There's a long beat...

MARY VANDEBERG

When it fell from the sky, the house shook. We didn't know what to make of it. We thought the world was ending. Jay went out... and we saw it. When I was around it... I felt at ease. ... It understood me.

ON FINOLA listening, we start to PUSH IN ON HER.... We know she felt that too.

MARY VANDEBERG (CONT'D)

That night I dreamt of Kieran.

(tears well up)

And he held my hand and it felt... so real... and I knew that it was doing it. I knew. Every night, it brought him to me. One night, I slept for twelve hours.... And when I realized I didn't dream of him. I went to it... and he was standing there.

EXT. WOODED PATH/DEBRIS SITE (HER MEMORY) - MORNING

It's early. There is still dew out. THE BOY stands on the path looking back at his mother. Motionless. The shimmer of the debris SLOWLY undulates behind him.

There is a long beat. MARY reaches out... awestruck.

ON HER FACE. A shattered woman, trembling in the disbelief of having her son back. CLOSER ON KIERAN'S beautiful FACE. A SUN FLARE intrudes into the FRAME.

INT. WICHITA HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

MARY VANDEBERG
(holding back sobs)
He was so real... I'm sorry... I
missed him so much.

Finola grasps her hand, the way one would to give support.

ON BRYAN, WATCHING from his seat. Finola leans in, closer to Mary.

FINOLA
When we lose those we love...
(thinking of her own
situation)
...I know that's hard. Believe me.
I do. But what your daughter said
was right... The only way to carry
on is to hold on to what we have
left.
(beat, then:)
You came back for your daughter.
You came back for her. ... Hold
onto her.

ON BRYAN. Continuing to admire Finola's ability to fix the broken. And off this, we CUT TO:

INT. ORBITAL COMPOUND, LAB - NIGHT

CLOSE ON GREEN SLIVERS AND BANDS, as if they are being sucked into a BLACK HOLE. Suddenly, a DARK GREEN LASER scans across it...

WIDEN TO REVEAL, we're looking into one of the GREEN EYES of SEEDY BRIT #2, cut straight from the overpass concrete, like he is in a coffin-like shroud.

ON MADDOX. As he works with TECHNICIANS, retina scanning him. Maddox looks to a wall of MONITORS AS THEY GET A HIT. IMAGES AND INFORMATION ABOUT THE MAN BEGIN APPEARING ON SCREENS.

(CONTINUED)

Driver's license, passport, birth certificate. CCTV footage begins flowing in -- whatever system they are tapped into they can find out information about anybody.

But MADDOX is most interested in the MONITOR that depicts US CUSTOMS. SEEDY BRIT #2 APPEARS on screen. He walks through CUSTOMS WITH A sixty-something BLACK MAN. Maddox has a clear reaction -- He did not expect this. OFF MADDOX, RIVETED. CUT TO:

EXT. WICHITA AIRPORT, TARMAC - NIGHT

Planes come and go. Bryan and Finola walk towards the jet.

AT THE STAIRS, Finola hands her bags to ANOTHER PILOT. He disappears into the plane. Finola watches a JET take off... When she looks back to Bryan he is looking at her. Finola shouts above the ENGINE NOISE.

FINOLA

Is it weird I like the smell of jet fuel?

He holds his look to her, in a way that we really haven't seen him do.

FINOLA (CONT'D)

... What?

Bryan shouts back.

BRYAN

Back at the house... When I said that thing to Isla. You said "It's okay, you tried."

Finola nods -- reminded of their conversation.

FINOLA

(feeling bad about it)
Oh. Look -- Bryan, I didn't mean -- You don't have to --

BRYAN (CONT'D)

-- I know -- It's okay. I just --

FINOLA (CONT'D)

-- I shouldn't have -- said that --

BRYAN

-- It's okay. It's just, I'm not used to opening up to people. This job is basically... being alone. That's what it's supposed to be.

(then)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRYAN (CONT'D)
 It's been a while since I worked
 with someone who looked at me like
 a human being.

It's oddly emotional. It's his attempt at saying a lot.

BRYAN (CONT'D)
 So. I guess I'm saying -- I
 appreciate you.

She shakes her head, not hearing him over the turbines --

BRYAN (CONT'D)
 I appreciate you.

FINOLA
 (still not getting it)
 Bryan, the engines --

BRYAN
 I appre--

He stops -- REALIZING. A smile curls on the edge of her lips.
 She could hear him just fine.

And as she breaks into a full smile... Bryan can't help but
 think... she's so fucking... ENDEARING.

INT. ORBITAL PLANE, CABIN - NIGHT

Bryan takes his seat. A few rows back, Finola stands at the
 overhead bin -- looking for something in her carry on. She
 heads to the lavatory.

WITH BRYAN. His phone VIBRATES.

BRYAN
 (answering)
 Hey, I'm on the plane.

INT. ORBITAL COMPOUND, LAB - NIGHT

Maddox is the caller. Still sitting at the MONITORS with
 Seedy Brit #2 on them.

MADDOX
 He's a London national. Ex-SAS. We
 have him arriving at JFK last week.

INTERCUT THE CALLERS:

(CONTINUED)

MADDOX (CONT'D)
 He wasn't alone.
 (hesitating, re: their
 privacy)
 ... Are we clear?

Bryan turns his head, seeing the lavatory door is still shut.

BRYAN
 Yeah.

ON MADDOX'S SCREEN, a FEEEEEZE FRAME on screen of SEEDY BRIT #2
 at customs with the BLACK MAN.

MADDOX
 He was with George Jones.

There's a long beat as Bryan digests what he's just heard.

BRYAN
 That's impossible.

MADDOX
 I'm looking at him. He's alive.
 He entered the country under an
 alias.

Beat.

BRYAN
 What aren't you telling me?

MADDOX
 This is all I can share for now.

ON MADDOX, LOOKING AT THE IMAGE OF GEORGE JONES, KNOWING this
 next bit will be difficult --

MADDOX (CONT'D)
 MI6 stays out of this.

Bryan turns in his seat again as Finola exits the lavatory
 further back, out of earshot.

BRYAN
 ... Do you know what you're asking
 me to do? It's her father.

Beat.

MADDOX
 I know you can handle it.

And as Maddox hangs up --

(CONTINUED)

Finola sits down beside him, buckling in for take off.

We hold ON BRYAN, the decision to keep this secret from Finola, the person who would want this news more than anyone else weighing on him. And off the promise of things to come, we CUT TO:

INT. ORBITAL COMPOUND, HALLWAYS - CONTINUOUS

TRACKING WITH Maddox into an ELEVATOR.

INT, ORBITAL COMPOUND, ELEVATOR - SAME TIME

... We ride down with Maddox. As the DOORS OPEN... WE REVEAL A HUGE WHITE, MILITARY HANGAR.

INT. ORBITAL COMPOUND, HANGAR - SAME TIME

Maddox walks towards a group of WHITE COAT SCIENTISTS in the middle of the space.

With tools, they're holding up the piece of debris recovered in the teaser, the "Dorito", beside what looks like a partially assembled larger structure. They are attempting to reassemble the alien craft.

ON MADDOX, watching them... as the piece of debris suddenly connects to the structure with a LOUD deafening high-pitched WHINE. And as everyone, including Maddox, instinctively cover their ears, we SLAM TO BLACK ending HOUR ONE.